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Title: Dark Offspring 6

Author: An old sage  
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When the dire  
wolves had first  
started roaming the  
woods in search of  
blood, Sigurd, fearing  
for his life and that  
he would be blamed,  
gathered his things  
and moved to an old  
mountain retreat that  
had been abandoned for  
many years. Sigurd  
sat by a window  
staring out into the  
falling snow.  
Thoughts of his wife  
had been flooding  
through his mind ever  
since he had left.  
What if she  
returned? What if  
the Dire Wolves  
found her and... He  
couldn't bare to finish  
the thought. Just  
then he heard a  
tapping at his door.  
At first he thought it  
might be his wife, but  
then he realized how  
improbable that was.  
He strode over to the  
door and cautiously  
opened. Standing  
there in the falling  
snow was a figure  
wearing a brown  
hooded cloak.  
Although Sigurd lived  
as a hermit, he still  
had a heart so he  
invited the stranger  
in and led it to a  
seat by the fireplace.  
The stranger rubbed  
its hands to for a  
minute and then lifted  
back its hood. He

was surprised to see  
the face of his sister,  
Ilyana.

She looked up at  
him and smiled coldly.  
"Hail Brother," she  
said. "I trust you are  
finding your  
hermitage as pleasant  
as ever."

Sigurd nodded  
slowly. He couldn't  
help but feel nervous.  
There was some  
reason why his sister  
was there. He knew  
too well to believe  
that she would merely  
make a two day  
journey just to make  
a social call. He  
looked up into her  
eyes. They seemed  
bloodshot. At first he  
thought that she  
might not have gotten  
enough sleep. Then  
he realized that it  
was not the white of  
her eyes that were  
red. Rather it was  
her pupils. He felt a  
chill go up his spine.

"Why are you here?"

"Well aren't we  
feeling friendly today,"  
Ilyana smiled, her  
teeth figuring  
prominently. "True I  
am not here for  
pleasantries"

"I knew it," thought  
Sigurd. As if  
reading his mind,  
Ilyana turned to face  
him.

"Yes this is about  
your 'wife'," Ilyana  
spoke the words  
slowly making in sure  
they had their full  
impact.

"What of her?"

Where is she?

Whats happened?"

"Dear brother since  
you never listened to  
me when I spoke with

you before. Why  
should I tell you  
now?"

Sigurd resisted the  
urge to grab her by  
her throat and demand  
an answer. Instead  
he merely said, "Tell  
me"

Ilyana could tell by  
the tone of his voice  
that wouldn't be wise  
to play guessing  
games with him. So  
she decided to skip  
right to the point.

"Your wife was  
accused of being in  
league with the Dire  
Wolves. More  
specifically she was  
accused of murdering  
the Village Elder's  
daughter in cold blood.  
Sigurd stared at his  
sister. At first he  
thought that she must  
be still playing games  
with him, but  
something in her eyes  
told him that what  
she said was true.

Sigurd's head reeled.  
So many emotions  
came flooding in that  
he didn't know how to  
deal with them. So  
he gritted his teeth  
and pushed his  
emotions aside. He  
was going to see that  
justice was done. "Is  
this true? When  
did this happen?"

"I am afraid so  
Yesterday,  
near evening..."

Sigurd grabbed his  
trusty staff hurriedly  
packed some provisions  
and rushed out the  
door leaving his sister  
staring after him...